



# ADVANCE, - SALVATION ARMY!

**Tid-Bits, Bright and Brief, Descriptive of Army Warfare.**

## Christ Came,

AND

**The Drunkard of 30 Years' Standing became A NEW MAN!**

**SIX YEARS AGO**, in one of our towns, some Salvation soldiers were on the march singing, "We're going home with Jesus." Driving on the streets of that town that cold winter's night was a poor man, a slave to sin, drink, and the devil.

He was a carter, and he was taking a load of barrels of beer to a liquor store.

The singing attracted him, and as he listened to the voices pealing out through the cold night air, "We're going home with Jesus," the Spirit of God took hold of him, and he said to himself, "Where am I going to?"

The answer came,

"TO HEAVEN!"

From that moment the Spirit of God took hold of him in a wonderful way. At last, one night this poor, wretched, wreck of a drunkard of thirty years' standing fell at the Saviour's feet and cried aloud for pardon. Christ was a real broken and contrite heart, and soon the dark, black, guilty past was cancelled through faith in the precious blood of Calvary's Christ, and the poor, wretched sinner of a few moments before rose up a new creature in Christ Jesus. Oh, the joy! the light! the gladness! the life! the freedom! the liberty! that came after the second birth into the heart of this dear man, and now

FOR TEN YEARS,

through trials and difficulties, and persecutions of the most severe kind, this man has stood out before all, a living witness of the power of Beth-ohem's Christ to save, cleanse, and keep to the uttermost.

Praise God for evermore!

Reader, if you are a slave of sin, drink and the devil, don't despair. There's hope for you. Christ can deliver you from the chains that bind you, roll away the burden, bring you peace, and joy, life and liberty. Oh, while His life is being commemorated this Christmas-tide, you come to Him with all your sorrow, sadness, wretchedness, and despair, and prove for yourself that there is a real Christ to save from sin and woe. He is your only remedy, the only source of your happiness here and hereafter. Oh, may God the Holy Spirit come to your heart and move you to repentance! Remember, YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

ADJUTANT AYRE.

## THE OPEN-AIR WARFARE.

The Salvation Army was born in the open-air, and there is no place today better fitted to train recruits and make real live blood-and-fire soldiers than its birthplace. I have never forgotten my first two meetings in the open air at the hotel where I had my last drink. I shook from head to foot. The street battles have had more to do with making me a fighting soldier than anything else. It is death to timidity, respectability, fear, and a lot of other little devils. In small towns we are so apt to think because we don't have large crowds there is no use for open-air, but indeed, here is the experience of a young woman last week in our town: She had been converted in the Army and was going to join the church, but felt her place was in the Army. While playing in her room about the matter, the Army

marched past and stopped on the corner. She rose from her knees, and watched them through the window, saying at the same time, "That is my place." She has since given herself fully to God and the Army, and gives promise of a glorious future. At that open-air about twelve people were in sight.

CAPT. HEWITT.

## Bang! Bang! Army Drum!

"THERE'S a show come, sure! Shall we go and see it?" said my companion, as we were nearing the place from where processed a shower of noise. We decided to go, and on our arrival we were surprised and no less disappointed to find a couple of girls, one playing a concertina, the other holding three or four colored lanterns, and a regular band, but have since learned to love, while an irregular bang! bang! bang! seemed to be the best production of time the brother at the drum could bring forth. That drummer is the "S.L.R." in my mind of anything I have heard before or since. My companion did not seem at all anxious to stay, and I guess we both would have preferred the show, but somehow I could not go away for peculiar as it seemed to see these three people standing there singing the same chorus over and over again, still there was something I liked in the singing, although to-day I do not remember what it was, but I do remember that some few days afterwards I knelt at the cross, in the 8. A. barracks, seeking forgiveness of the past, and making promises for the future.

Since conversion I have always considered an open-air meeting my best soldier. If the drum was absent, and if asked to-day what first drew my attention to the Army, I say, "Why, the drum, of course."

BEN BRYAN.

## A NEWFOUNDLANDER IN THE WAR CRY WITNESS BOX.

**The Smoking-Devil Frontispiece Fixed Him.**

**FITTED HIM LIKE HIS SOCK.**

**Hallelujah! Saved Through Reading the War Cry.**

I BOUGHT a War Cry on the street from the Captain, he charging me to read it through. I took it home, hadn't time to look through it, so put it in my chest. Next evening, after tea, I lit my pipe and settled myself down for a comfortable smoke. I took the War Cry to read, or rather to look at the picture of the tobacco devil that was on the front page—the devil I had so faithfully served for eighteen years.

Seeing the statement of the amount of money wasted by the use of tobacco caused me to consider and read through it. As I went on, I felt that somehow that Cry must have been printed. ESPECIALLY FOR ME, because it fitted me just like my socks. So, taking the pipe out of my mouth, I laid it down, saying as I did so, "BY THE HELP OF GOD I WILL SMOKE NO MORE."

Although the struggle has been very tough, in the strength of Jesus I have WON THE VICTORY.

I am glad I bought that Cry. I love it with all my heart. It was the means of turning me from the paths of darkness and sin into the light and glory of God. I will keep that Cry as long as the dear Lord permits me

to live. Now, after giving up one sin, I thought I must give up the lot. So, one night, shortly after reading the Cry, I made up my mind to try the penitential-sinner. I gave my all to Jesus, bless Him! He pardoned all my sins, set me free, and now I am as happy as I can be.

Smokers, the same experience is for you if you will give your heart to Christ. May you do so, be the prayer of a sinner saved by the blood.

A. H. FLEWITT.

THE Cove, Newfoundland.

## TOM WHIPPLE ON War Cry Selling.

Selling War Cry in the saloons on Saturday nights is a different experience. There are a large number of saloons in our city, they keep open until 11 p.m., some of them all night. The amount of drinking and open sin is appalling. I have got into some tight places. I have been threatened with being chased and killed. I have been thrown on the floor and sat on. I know what the Dutch flip is. For some of your readers who don't, it is this: Two men get hold of you, one each side, and turn you over and over. It does not hurt you, but causes a laugh at your expense, but I have always found that whenever I was in any danger God has raised up friends to defend me. I believe that I have been the means in God's hand of reaching people whom it would be impossible to get into a church or Army barracks. I go home after a night's War Cry selling with joy in my heart, a consciousness of duty fulfilled, and another victory won.

TOM WHIPPLE.

## Likes the Army.

I remember a dark and sad hour in my life, when walking through the streets of a great city, I met a band of Salvationists on the march. As I looked right and left wondering if any man cared for my soul, they commenced to sing:

"Whoever will in this rest may share,  
In my Father's house there's bread and to spare.  
Come to Jesus," etc.

That chorus was a blessing to me, and today I am a better man for having heard it. I passed on to another city, where I found a young man alone, betrayed, and in poverty. There was a Salvation Army Home there, and I felt that he would be all right there, so I took him to the Home, and he was well cared for, I have no doubt. In the next city I was a Salvationist who needed me into his house, and who would not take anything in return.

As I, a stranger and inexperienced, was making a city work, I would leave the train at midnight, I felt anxious about finding decent lodgings. Somebody told me that there was a Salvation Army woman who kept a home in the city. I determined if I could find her, for the word "Salvationist" was guaranteed enough for me. But how should I find the house? I would keep a look-out for a Salvationist at the station. I felt that I could find a Salvationist I would be able to find him. I did not know before that how much confidence I had in the Army. But how should I distinguish him? By his uniform and S.S. of course. And just then I lost my prejudice for Salvation Army uniform. I had a friend said that there was but one mark necessary for a Christian, the one Jesus gave when He said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another." But I found the Salvation Army uniform an excellent indication on that dark night in London. And after two weeks' experience I said what I still believe, that I had found what for me was the best "lodging-house in the city."

These are a few of the many reasons I am prepared to give to those who from time to time ask me why I like the Salvation Army.

S. J. MESTER, Holland.

Never reason with the devil.

## Army Bands.

**STRONG EVIDENCE**

**IN THEIR DEFENCE.**

**Four Questions Successfully Answered, by an Old Bandmaster.**

**1. WHY DO YOU PLAY?**

I asked myself the question, "Why do I play?" The answer came, "Because I can the more glorify God and extend His kingdom by so doing, and that I am obeying God in using the talent that He has given me." I believe with all my heart that God uses these weak things to confound the mighty. What is music? It is the essence of harmony. What does it do? It helps drive away sadness and cheer up the low-spirited, and makes people think of better things. I play that these things should be accomplished, that people should by these means be brought to know God and serve Him.

**2. WHAT ADVANTAGE HAS A BANDMASTER?**

He has many. If he has only the talent he can use it for God, not care it up. People will look and watch him as he walks up the streets with his instrument under his arm and his uniform on. They say to themselves, "There goes a Salvation Army bandmaster! What is the meaning of salvation?" They might as well say, "There goes a man who plays for God." God has given us this grand privilege to praise Him with the instrument, and if we will not make good at preaching or singing, we can do what we can in the playing of our instruments for God. Oh, what great chances we have! All other bands outside of the Army are looking at us. They give us a new respect, and want to come and play with them, and offer us money if we would do so. But at the same time they like our stickability in staying in our right place, and do not wish they were in it. They try to content myself once in playing in outside bands, thinking it was all right. I thought I was getting lots of money. I was professing to be saved at the same time, but instead of getting on all right I found I was going all wrong in my soul and pocket. Thanks to God, He gave me the victory. I warn any who think there is no harm in it to take warning from one who has tried it.

**3. WHAT HAVE ARMY BANDS DONE?**

I think I can say without contradiction that our Salvation Army band is one of the greatest powers used by God that we have in our world. It is a settling people to think about their souls. What has it been the means of doing? Thousands of once hopeless souls have by the sound of the drum or the pipe been drawn to the barracks and been made to think of their souls. As in the killing armies the band is to help in times of war to cheer the soldiers and to raise hope in their breast, so I say that it is to help to our soldiers and our Army in the same way, a cheering and soul-inspiring power.

**4. WHAT DO THE BIRMS SAY?**

They love the band, have the boys that are in it, and if it were not for the band they would not be with us. It is like they want, and that is why they come to the Army. It is why they are at the Army they would like to be at an hotel or some place like it. So by the band we get hold of these lads. They envy us, and only wish they were with us.

FRED WOODGATE.

"Faith can only be held as the conscience is clear."

—Confidence in God and self-distrust are sure companions.

—The bitter goes with the sweet in the Salvation Army war.

—He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find a flaw, when he will have forgotten the cause.

—The outward count of sin is the tongue; the inward, the ear and eye, and the mistress of all is the heart. Therefore let grace rule your heart and the whole man will be subject.

## PENITENT FORM ECHOES!

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

It was a sight that must have gladdened the angels and set heaven's joy bells ringing.

"Twas a Sunday morning holiness meeting, in all, eight knelt at the cross. Two who knelt side by side especially attracted my attention, one a poor, fallen girl.

No doubt many struggles to do right had gone on in her soul before her courage had brought her, as a first volunteer, to the penitent-form.

Praise God for a Gospel which reaches the outcast and delivers from the bondage of sin!

The other was a lady in good position—the wife of a barrister. For eight years she had known what it is to be saved. When she came to Christ not only did she experience His forgiving grace, but a great work of separation took place, and the world, with its social pleasures, lost all its charm for her. Her life had been given up to a great extent to philanthropic effort and the amelioration of the woes of the poor.

But though she was devoted to doing good for others, there was in her own heart the consciousness that the roots of sin had not been really crucified.

She volunteered to the cross, and by a definite yielding of herself to do the perfect will of God, and a claiming of the blessing by faith, she was able to rise and say: "Not only do I believe that He CAN do this for me, and WILL do so, but just now I believe He DOES it."

Oh, for more definite dealing at our penitent-form! Especially on the question of holiness, there is such a mass of seekers understanding that it is not FEELING but FAITH which is the essential to a living experience of God's indwelling power. There seems to be such darkness on this point.

If there could be a clearer conception of the truth that TRIUMPHATION IS NOT SIN, but that though the soul is delivered from the roots of sin it is still subject to temptation.

As the body is subject to disease, and can only be fortified against its inroads by being kept in a healthy condition, so the soul can only be kept free from sin by a daily, living faith in God's conscious indwelling power. The feelings which are so much trusted in by many, are only ONE of the fruits of that Spirit's abiding.

HOLINESS IS NOT A SENTIMENT!

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Another instance which illustrates the same thing.

This time a Sergeant. For months he has been seeking the blessing.

A short time ago he came to the penitent-form, with several others.

It was a struggle to do so. Why? Because he had been there before. I desire to his testimony in the next holiness meeting:

"I have found out it is according to your FAITH, comrades, that God blesses you. When I asked Him to take away my tempter, He did it."

"Then I came to Him on account of my pride. I believed He would do it, and He did take away my pride."

"Last Friday I felt there was still something lacking—I did not know how I felt about my next step, but I felt that I had been given the promise, and He sanctified the gift."

This is just where so many struggle for years—trying to get the blessing piecemeal, not understanding when they lack. If such an one reads this brother's testimony, do he heed: GIVE YOURSELF, AND KNEEL INTO A life of faith in God.

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The next is an elderly lady. As we stand to sing,—

"Over the waves to Thee, dear Lord,

Over the waves to Thee,

At last, at last, I come, I come

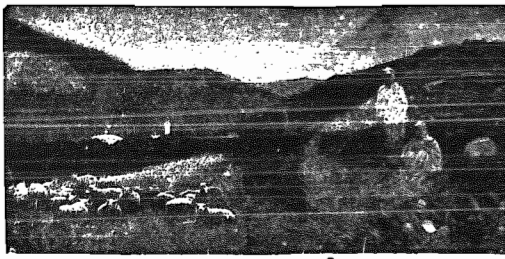
Over the waves to Thee."

She rushed through the crowd. After singing earnestly she rose to her feet, exclaiming with clasped hands, "Oh, friends, this is where I've been trying to get for ten years."

"I was converted ten years ago in England, and ever since I have been trying to speak for Jesus. Never could I do so before. Oh, praise the Lord!"

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I met the next sister on the street one evening in a western city.



"While shepherds watched their flocks by night"

The previous Sunday I had seen her at the penitent-form, at the end of a ROW OF THIRTEEN. The others had testified to receiving what they sought. This sister had not done so. She waited for me a few minutes after, and told me the glad story that definitely in that meeting she had accepted the blessing (though it seemed as if it might mean being an officer), but had almost lost it by not testifying to it.

saved in an Army meeting. It meant something to him—that change from a dissipated gambler's life to that of a humble penitent. He had been a profane, not only from God, but from his father's home, for nineteen years. But "he came to himself," and wisely started for home. The father met him with the embrace, the ring, and the robe, and the Salvationists rejoiced and made merry.

The next step was to write to his

## MY COVENANT!

BY MRS. H. H. BOOTH.

A Prayer Suitable for Watch-Night Services throughout the Dominion.

O H, LORD JESUS: At this, the first night of a New Year, I desire to come before Thee in the spirit of true humility. I can plead nothing but Thy love, hope for nothing but Thy mercy, clinging to nothing but Thy Cross. Because Thou hast bid me come, I kneel with confidence at Thy feet, and make with Thee a Covenant, to which I desire to be true till I die.

Help me, Jesus, by Thy Spirit, and give me grace to fulfil my vows. I promise that during this new year I will be SINCERE. I will not be false in word, or deed, or thought. Should I fail, I will not hide my fault. Should I sin, I will not cover my wrong. Should I be mistaken, I will not deny my lack of wisdom. Should I be enlightened, I will not choose to remain in the dark. I will seek to be before Thee openly at all times what Thou knowest I am at heart. Deliver me, dear Saviour, during this coming year from shame of all sorts, and let my life and actions show how Thou canst keep in the way of sincerity those who follow Thee.

I promise, also, that during this year I will be TRUE. I will not betray Thy interests, or sell Thee for time or gain. I want to tell Thee, dear Jesus, that during 1896 Thou canst reckon on me in sorrow or sunshine, loss or gain, peace or war, life or death.

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Here is another reason why so many fail after coming out in the meetings. One of the conditions of my consecration over ten years ago was that I should always,

WHEREVER I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY,

witness to this new life of purity. I could not retain it otherwise.

The devil comes to the trembling sinner, and whispers, "Wait; see how you get on first. See if you can live holy in your trying circumstances!"

Often times, not desecrating that this is the poisoned arrow of a foe, these indications are listened to and, well, disobedience brings condemnation, and an honest soul is plunged into darkness.

What about your experience, reader? Have you lost the blessing by neglecting to testify?

"Remember, . . . and repent."

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Out of five who bowed their heads on the penitent-form and wetted its consecrated boards with their tears, was one who could not help being especially interested in.

A few weeks previously he had got

into an Army meeting. It meant something to him—that change from a dissipated gambler's life to that of a humble penitent. He had been a profane, not only from God, but from his father's home, for nineteen years. But "he came to himself," and wisely started for home. The father met him with the embrace, the ring, and the robe, and the Salvationists rejoiced and made merry.

The next step was to write to his

promise, dear Jesus, that I will be COURAGEOUS in Thy service. I will not bring Thee half my powers, but the whole. I will not be cold in my devotion, but on fire. I will not be listless in Thy battles, but desperate. I will not be neutral in Thy warfare, but whole-hearted. Thou shalt have my life to speak Thy praises, my hands to do Thy work, my feet to run Thy errands, my mind to think Thy thoughts, my affections to love Thy kingdom, my will to do Thy bidding.

Help me, loving Saviour, to follow in Thy foot-steps through every day of the coming year. Make 1896 a period in my life of perfect peace, holy gladness, courageous service, and glorious victory, and grant me Thy blessed presence all the way, so that, should I please Thee to take me to Thyself ere the dawn of another year, I may go to meet Thee without regret or fear.

Through Jesus, my Saviour, I ask it all, in whose strength I rely to carry it out. AMEN.

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sister across the rolling ocean, in the Old Land.

There was gladness in that home, for had they not thought him dead for fifteen years?

The sister wrote to the officers thinking God that through the Army's instrumentality the "lost was found and the dead was alive."

Well, in this particular holiness meeting, he felt he ought to take another step, so he came out voluntarily, and presented his body an offering to the Lord. He not only proved that "He blood can make the vessel clean," by destroying the appetite for play and drink, but that He could "break the power of expelled sin," and give this professional gambler a "clean heart, and enable him to live without sin."

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The last testimony comes not from the merry-meat, but from a personal letter following up a meeting where the writer got the victory. It runs: "I walked it in that meeting. It was quickly and deliberately, but for life."

This from a comrade who for two years had tried to evade his responsibility and God's call.

Oh, that that was the only case! But no; there are many who are struggling in darkness under a shadow of doubt and perplexity.

You don't understand holiness because you are not willing to obey.

You are in doubt because of your unwillingness to walk in the light.

Rise up! Fulfill the promises made to you. Keep your vows.

Comply with the conditions and He WILL accept the offering and sanctify the gift.

Oh, the blessedness of an obedient life, a life hid with Christ in God.

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ALMOST LOST!

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HELP! HELP! HELP!!!

The cry rang over the waters that dark winter night.

Splash, splash, splash, the oars of the rescue party sounded as they pulled toward the wreck, and only by the cries for help from the struggling, drowning sailors clinging to their doomed vessel.

There was no star in the sky, no lamp on the wreck,—in fact, this was the cause of their trouble, they had neglected to put up their lights, and the steamer on which I stood, having no knowledge of the whereabouts of the small, misty vessel, with its crew of eight men, struck her and

cut her completely in two.

The men may have been sleeping, but if so, they were quickly and rudely awakened to face the grim reality of DEATH in expectation.

Their rescue was accomplished, and I had the joy of seeing these eight men landed one by one on board the steamer.

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That was nine years ago. I then stood on board that steamer, a cadet, bound for London. A few hours before, I had left my soldier comrades in my home in Scotland, and a few hours later I was landed amongst my comrades in the Clapton Training Home in London.

But the scene of that dark night, with the crash of the collision and the cry for help was not without its lessons to me. I saw all around me struggling, sinking, drowning souls, who had been so close to God, and yet had fallen into such a dark sea of despair, and whose every action and curse, and blasphemy, are loud cries for "Help!"

This is Christmas season. Christendom celebrates the coming of Him Who was born King of the Jews. The world stops its machinery, closes its factories, locks up its banks to-day, and the church bells chime.

But stop! It is not all ringing of church bells, singing of anthems, and shouting of Salvationists. Past these very churches and Army barracks there rushes a motley throng, whose drunken song and coarse profanity form a strange contrast to the real Christmas spirit. It is the revelry and debauchery of those who are not without their songs of joy, but truly it is a joy born of ignorance, for did they but know their true state before that their ritual songs would be turned into

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DESPAIRING WAITS

to God for salvation.

Oh, my comrade Salvationists, in whose hearts the Morning Star has arisen, can we not become more despondent in our endeavors to save men and women from their sin and its awful consequences? We are a rescue party. Do we hear the cry for help, and more important still, do we lead it? Let us this Christmas learn a lesson from our Lord's Saviour, Jesus Christ. The servant is not greater than his Lord. Then surely the servant should be as devoted and zealous as his Lord, and as the Christmas stars shine and the Christmas bells ring, and the Christmas songs are sung, and the Christmas dinners eaten, let us remember that He Who instituted Christmas, by exchanging a palace for a stable, a throne for a manger, a crown for a cross, did not do so without a cause. His heart was moved with pity as He looked on the poor, despairing world, and to bring life and hope within the reach of men He gave Himself a ransom for all.

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shall we not follow Him?

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## WHY DO I WEAR UNIFORM?

THE QUESTION is sometimes asked, "Why do we wear uniform in the Salvation Army?" Well, there are different answers to that question, all amounting to the same thing in the end.

First, I would say we are a band of saved men and women, whose mission is to save souls from sin and its consequences, in and through the power of God. Our organization is modelled after military armies. The first duty of a soldier is obedience, whether in Her Majesty's Army or the Salvation Army. Whoever heard of armies without uniform. Policemen, postmen, and others wear uniform, not merely for the sake of wearing it, but as a distinguishing mark, and as a badge of authority, and so it is a distinguishing mark for a Salvationist. It says to the world, "I am on the Lord's side, I am saved from all my sin, separated from the world, and set apart for God's service." Some may say, "I can truly be a Christian and not wear uniform." Well, that is possible, but I sincerely believe that we can be more of a blessing to the unsaved by wearing uniform. It is an outward, visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, if it is the mark of a holy life. Of course there is abuse, but any good thing can be abused. My testimony is that it is a great help to the young convert when first starting out. It helps him to confess Christ in a way that is simple, and breaks the ice, as it were, and that means a great deal. A cross taken up, which helps to make him bold and courageous, and strong in the strength of God and in the power of His might. And also we have the authority of God's word that Christians ought to be peculiar in their dress, that is, should be very simple and humble, but I don't do we see but the reverse, in the great majority of cases, fashion and worldliness, no dividing line between God's people and the world? This state of affairs is directly against the word of God.

It is also a great advantage. It speaks when we are silent, it proclaims salvation, it sets people thinking about eternal things, and a way is very often opened up to speak to the unsaved about their souls. What is the reason that some so-called Christians sneer when they see a Salvationist in uniform? They do not sneer when they see a policeman in uniform, oh, no! and a Christian in uniform seems to stir them up quite a lot; it condemns them, and they don't like it. It is a great thing to stir people up and make them think of salvation. There is then some chance of getting them saved.

These are a few answers to the question, why do we wear uniform?  
SERGEANT CASHIN,  
War Cry Regular Correspondent at Halifax.

## Toronto League of Mercy Links.

On looking over our figures for the last two months, we find they show forty visits paid to the different institutions; one hundred and seventy people read and prayed with; two thousand two hundred "Crys" given away, besides various letters written for the inmates, messages carried to friends, etc., and our hearts thank God for our grand opportunities, and we pray for grace to make the very best use of them. Any reader having a friend, or anyone in whom you are interested, in the Hospital, if you will let us know we shall be most happy to see him, pray with him, or do anything in our power to make his time of suffering a little brighter. Now, don't be afraid to ask us, as that is exactly what we exist for, and very proud we are of the fact. Truly it is work that angels might covet.

MRS. ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

Live louder than you shout.

A compositor at a printing office was setting in type the verse of Scripture: "And Daniel had an excellent spirit in him." But he made it read, "And Daniel had an excellent spine in him." Good. We want men of this excellent spine to-day.

## A Letter of Christmas Greeting and Good Cheer, from

# MRS. BOOTH.

MY DEAR COMRADES:

Yet once again we have reached the eve of another Christmas, crowned with blessing. Once more, with thankful hearts, we commemorate the lowly birth of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

Glancing backward at the year that has flown so quickly, we can only repeat, "surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life." What innumerable tokens of the love of our Heavenly Father have been showered upon us! How infinitely better our Lord has been to each of us than we have deserved! When we compare our life with what it might have been, but for the riches of His divine grace, we can only throw ourselves into His arms with an overwhelming sense of deepest gratitude, and with renewed consecration, to press forward in joyful service, never wavering, or turning to the right hand or the left.

A beautiful blessing came to my soul one early dawn, not long ago, as I lay, feeling very much troubled and perplexed with harassing circumstances. Suddenly, in the stillness, my little clock, that chimed the hour with a tune, began to sound out slowly and sweetly the notes of the song:

"Trusting Thee ever,  
Doubting Thee never."

As I listened to its playing, I pledged myself more than ever to put in practice the principle of the chorus, and to walk henceforward ABRAHAM-LIKE, in the darker moments of my life as well as in the light.

With the eye of faith we may always see "HIS STAR" before us, shining as clearly as did the Star of Bethlehem long ago, directing unerringly the path we should tread, and our part is still fearlessly to follow, even tho' it may seem to point through the wilderness.

Let us walk by faith, training our souls for the skies. We must learn to measure earthly things with a heavenly measure. Let us not expect to correct earthly failings by earthly activities. We must lift up our eyes to the hills, whence cometh our strength. Let us seek to control our spirits that we may be wrapt up none in the interests of Jesus Christ.

The things of time are passing so rapidly! Life is so short! Comrades who were with us have passed away from our sight. How little did our dear sister-warrior, Staff-Captain

Jones, imagine, a year ago, that it was her last earthly Christmas, busy as she was, working for others early and late, and yet she has gone, and we cannot help but wonder who will be the next. It may be you, or it may be me. When this season returns again there will be some vacant place, some empty chair. Our turn must come, and then, oh, how small the affairs of earth will appear to us from the verge of the river! How foolish and blind we should be if we set our affections on this world's goods, which must surely slip away from the grasp of our fingers!

Let the fervent prayer of our hearts be that we may live so near to Christ as the days go by this coming year that we in our turn may shine, each in our different spheres, like little stars, forever pointing CALVARY-WARD.

And now, since you have tasted of His love and mercy, what will you do in return for Him? What will you bring Him? What have you for Him? How does your heart respond? Some people are constantly aiming to find out HOW LITTLE they can sacrifice for the Kingdom of their own comfort and ease, and yet retain their profession as Christians; but the true child of God is forever bounding forward to discover HOW MUCH HE CAN GIVE, how much he can do or suffer. What gifts have you for the Lord of Bethlehem? Will you bring Him your time, your strength, your youth, your talent, to be used for His sake in the service of your suffering fellow-creatures?

For the little ones who languish at a drunken mother's breast; For the prodigals in anguish, Seeking hopelessly for rest. In the name of Him who cherished Even the least, and even you. If you feel His claims are pressing, Tell Him now, what will you do?

Bring Him the gift of YOURSELF, with as complete a surrender as some one who said:-

"I RENOUNCED FOR LOVE OF HIM EVERYTHING THAT WAS NOT HE, AND I BEGUN TO LIVE AS IF THERE WAS NONE BUT HE AND I IN THE WORLD."

Then, having settled it for eternity, go forward as a true herald, a messenger of Heaven, proclaiming "good things of great joy," and the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men," and a Saviour born mighty to save.

Finally, let us all stand shoulder to shoulder, united under the banner of love, never losing sight of the main object of our Army's existence - the salvation of men and women.

Oh, my comrade, how many souls will you pledge yourself to lead to Him before another Christmas comes? We must rest content with no other aim but this in the coming months.

May the Christ of the manger, the Christ of Gethsemane, and Calvary, be with you. May the Lord cause His face to shine upon you, so that your life's darkest night may be turned into day with the glory of His presence.

May this be the holiest and happiest Christmas you have yet known, pray

Yours, living to serve,  
CORNELIE BOOTH.

## Sanctification.

By THE LATE MARIA SIMPSON.

"I AM the Almighty God; I will be before me, and be thou perfect." - Gen. xvi. 1.

Then, is sanctification unattainable in this life, as the majority of religious teachers would have us believe? Surely not. To the comfort, let us take this beautiful command and elasp it to our hearts, saying, with one of God's servants of old, "Lord, give what Thou commandest, and command what Thou wilt."

For the voice of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." - 2 Chron. xvi. 9.

We cannot sanctify ourselves. The Salvation Army claims no uncertain sound on that or any other matter. It teaches that sanctification is given on the four conditions of conviction, renunciation, consecration, and faith. "Rules for the Salvation Army Soldiers" - a blessed little book is the strength of God's Spirit, and in His strength alone, can those conditions be fulfilled. Then God sanctifies, God does the work. Glory, hallelujah! May He do for us all! Keep believing.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." - Matt. v. 48. Impossible! you say. Of course, utterly impossible! Attempted in your own strength. Come ye to Christ. Commit the matter of your sanctification to Him, just as you did your salvation. Your pardon. Let Christ, by His Spirit, take full possession of your heart. Sanctification is longed to do so, and you will find that heart variable. He will soon make that heart variable. He will fill it with His blessed presence and love, and make it too hot a place for Satan, and, for self, too! None, none but the Holy Spirit, can cast out indwelling sin. But He can and will, by His Own Holy Spirit. Again I say hallelujah! Blessed Lord Jesus, sanctify us all!

Note. - Maria Simpson was a child of God of rare saintliness. She could not rise from her bed for years before her death, which occurred at the Home for Incurables, Toronto. She was severely lame, and a reader under the Army colors while lying in bed. Mrs. Booth performed that ceremony, and also sang some of her beautiful songs with autolamp accompaniment, much to the delight of the suffering saint. Her pain was at times excruciating, and it is probable that this very article for the War Cry was written while the writer was in intense pain. The Christ Who came to Bethlehem, and returned to the right hand of the Father, pitied her, and took her to His royal court. She knows this old earth's agony no more. What a glorious exchange!

The sinner may live in a calm, but he will die in a storm; he that lives graceless dies peacefully. - Watson.

Live with Christ till He becomes living thought, ever present, and will find a reverence growing which compares to nothing else in man's feeling. - F. W. Robertson.

Paul makes the Christian, Paul proves the Christian. Trial tapers Christian. Death crowns the Christian.





# THE DEVIL'S PLEA AND THE ANGEL'S REPLY:

OR,

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE EMISSARIES OF HEAVEN  
AND HELL!

BY THE COMMANDANT.

N.B.—This article was written hurriedly two years ago, but was not finished. It would never have been printed at all in the present form, as I don't consider it worthy of the theme, but for the fact that pressure of business has prevented my writing the intended contribution for the War Cry. I have then disappointed the Editor, and at the urgent request of others, I send it forth with prayers for its usefulness.—H. B.

THE SOUL of man is the bone of contention between Heaven and hell. It is at once the object of infinite love and of diabolical revenge. On the part of God no sacrificer has been too great to save it, on the part of the devil, no deception too deadly to secure its destruction. For the heart of every single human being the battle is fought out to the death between the emissaries of the kingdom of light and darkness. The issues are stupendous. In the one case there is paradise for the other, bottomless abyss. Both are eternal.

But there is something behind all this. The struggle for souls is the result of a deeper conflict between principles.

## RIGHT IS AT WAR WITH WRONG.

Truth with falsehood, love with hate. Two principles are contending on the one hand in God, on the other in the devil. That is why the great case in the trial court of the human race is God versus the devil, and that is why the most tremendous of all considerations for every child of man is the rendering of his verdict to his own conscience as to which of these two masters shall receive his homage.

Suppose, therefore, in such imperfect way as is possible to us, we permit these contenders to speak for themselves. The devil of the night, who sweep the earth, gathering their harvests of

## LOST SOULS SHALL STAND FORWARD

and witness to their mission and method. They shall not be permitted to deceive us, but shall cry in their diabolical plan under the colour of their secret intent. Then in their turn shall those angels of day, whose mission it is to proclaim hope and light, stand forth to sing the burden of their song to the children of men. The audience crowded into one vast arena, which we will call the High Court of Eternal Verity, shall in imagination be composed of the population constitute the jury and uniform conscience the Judge. The witnesses shall be those angels pleading for hope, and those devils for despair; while the issue at stake is a world redeemed or lost. Silence then in the great assembly, while the first witness, with a host of black angels, nights on the tribune from which the speakers are to plead their cause.

## THE DEVIL OF GREED.

With haughty air and defiant expression he begins:—

"I represent all that wealth which belongs to this world, and my duty is to instruct my followers in the art of laying up for themselves treasures below. I go through the earth tugging temporal things, and the cord with temporal things, and the anchor with which I do it is gold ore. I reason with them like this. I say:—'Who would be happy must be rich. Be rich, and this world, in which others groan, and strive, and languish will immediately assume to you the character of a paradise. Be rich, and all men and things will conspire for your gratification.

## WEALTH IS THE MAGIC WAND

by which you will rule the chances of your destiny. Be rich, and you will be great; be rich, and you will be loved; be rich, men will follow you, cringe in your presence and flatter you at your feet. Riches will hide rottenness, cover indecency, conceal decay,

Riches will buy you anything, from a mother's child to a prince's favor. Would you aspire? Be rich! Would you descend? Be poor! To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away. It is written so in the Scriptures. It is also so written in the world about you."

"Having sufficiently infused this belief into the minds of my victims, I find my next step not so difficult. Once the dollar is enthroned in the heart, it is surprising with what alacrity the love of money usurps the powers of an Almighty Being. The away of this dead thing is stupendous, the chase for it as that of the hound for its prey. Because of this I am not better able to accomplish much for my own cause and so for my fellow comrades, the devil of despair. Of course I am fully aware my followers can only be enriched by making their victims poor. It is thus that I am at once the lord of wealth and poverty, for I contend with my followers thus: Establish once for all that the great end of your being is to amass fortune, and you will be troubled with no scruples as to who suffers that you may survive.

## 'GO FOR YOUR MONEY.'

at all times and under all circumstances. Count not the cost to any purse but your own. Build up your revenue, even be it embezzled from the groans of widow or orphan. Press your way upwards to estate and palace though your enterprise, compel others to traverse with mournful tread the way to the workhouse. Make everybody pay, and take your day's "salary." I am, too, constantly warning those clients of mine against the folly of parting with their possessions, especially against giving alms or assistance to any of the religious type. The "hard times" and "many calls" and "poor relations" pleas are merely in every case my inventions. Millions have invested in painted buildings and costly ornaments would have gone to help my great adversity, had it not been that I manufactured these excuses. But, listen! "I continued the devil, observing his time was up, and assuming a more serious tone as he prepared for his peroration. "I find that the most stupendous power I possess lies in the fact that

## GETTING BREEDS GREED.

The more my patrons possess the more they want; the more they have the more they lust. With the most wealthy, therefore, I have the least trouble. I have only to suggest new devices for turning their thousands into millions and their millions into millions more, and they pursue the course to the end. I am here to flatter myself with the proud delusion that of all the devils in hell no emissary of his Satanic Majesty boasts more untiring, more energetic, or undaunted toilers in the process of working out their own damnation. My legions seldom halt. Their lives are one furious chase for gold, and since often that gold is left by one generation to enrich another, they may imagine how powerful and how lasting is my influence for enriching the pocket and pauperizing the soul."

So saying the demon flew into space.



CAPTAIN LOWRY, LIEUTENANT MCCANN, ENSIGN HOLMAN, OFFICERS OF THE TORONTO SLIM BRIGADE, in their distinctive uniform.

In the Women's Shelter among our worst sisters, and in the Creche among the little children, they are

## THE ANGEL OF BENEVOLENCE.

"My mission in this world," began the speaker, from whose presence there shone a brightness seeming to illuminate the voice, "is to uncover the deadly fallacy which you have just heard expounded. I am commissioned to show the race the true secret of happiness. That secret lies, not as my adversary would have you to suppose in having and getting, but in being and giving. Of the stupor of our folk of wealth none know better than I, for in my flights through the earth I see plainly how luxuriant and easy can be made the journey to hell by those able to scatter their thousands by the way. In my travels to and fro among the children of men I come across the sumptuousness of the rich. I hear the sounds of reveling by night, and catch the clink of loaded millions by day; the homage, the power, the culture, the fascination belonging to earthly fortune are no strange things to me, for alas! with the force of all such I have to deal. But—"

The angel paused to emphasize what he was about to say,—

"Those of us

## WHO INHABIT ETERNITY

know how these things endure but for a season. They abide not the test of time. They are but dead ministers to a living sense. For brutes they might do; for unfeeling souls they are unavailing. No man has yet fed his soul with husks, and be it known to you that the best of these material things are but of the nature of husks. This is to my supreme mission to proclaim. I visit the counting house, the resort of the money changer, the den of the miser, the palace of the millionaire. I watch them worship their money bags, invest their capital, barter their souls, and arrange their future as if it were their own. I see them dabble and dudge and connive and cheat, and I say to one and all,

## 'WHY THIS FRENZY.'

this turmoil, this tying of your hearts to things you cannot hold? These lands, and houses, and fortunes are not yours; they can never be yours. At best you hold them on lease, but at longest the lease can last but four score years and ten. Moreover, I greet them with quite an uncertain hand. No notice is guaranteed as to when you shall part with them, and while to-day, even to cash your accounts, you will not trust any but yourself, to-morrow your coffin is constructed, and you are not so much as consulted. To the millionaire I put this question: 'Tell me, I say, when death shall loosen your grasp on this earthly gear, when rolled of reason so that you can no longer understand it; robbed of sight, so that you can no longer see it; robbed of feeling that you can no longer enjoy it; when the grave has concealed you, and worms have consumed you, and men have forgotten you—then, "whose shall those things be?"' Having thus endeavored, but often, alas, vainly, to convey to the consciousness of those whose souls I save, the disappointments and limitations of time, I try to open to their mental vision something of eternity. Fresh from the throne of God, where the rapturous ecstasies of the redeemed pervade the true felicity of the soul, I live on

carrying on the Master's Divine injunctions. They are feeding the hungry, tending the needy, and caring for all those in want, trouble, or adversity; and all for love of Him Who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

wings of the wind, carrying still the reflection of

## THE STREETS OF GOLD

to the hotel of the widow. I find her weeping over the loss of her earthly store, but praying for those who stole it, and I understand how she is rich in unfading wealth, and bid her to glad for her treasure in Heaven. After that I pass to the palace, where I find the millionaire squandering his wealth in lavish living. I understand how in reality he is poor, and I bid him beware lest his glided playthings rob from him his soul's inheritance. So it is I am continually discovering how the first shall be last and the last first. But oh, how I lament the short-sightedness of men! Could they see as I see, how quickly would they understand the real significance of life. They have difficulty in perceiving that it is better to give than to get, and the deeds of love invested in the kingdom of Heaven win an interest through eternity not to be for a moment compared with all the revenue that all the wealth of this world could produce."

So saying, the angel gave place to his successor.

(To be continued.)

## HIS DEATH SONG.

JOHN HUSS, when the chain was put around the stake, said, with a smiling countenance:—

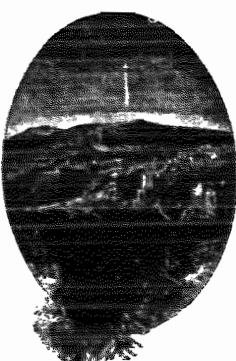
"MY LORD JESUS was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake; and why should I be afraid of this old rusty one?"

As the fagots were piled up, he was asked to recant.

"No," said Huss, "what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

As the flames were applied to the fagots he sang a hymn, so loud and so cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the cracklings of the combustibles and the noise of the multitudes. At last his voice was silenced, after he had uttered the words, "Jesus Christ, Thou Son of the Living God, have mercy on me."

Then he died.



JOHN HUSS, from the Shepherd's Field.



Christ left Heaven and came to earth to save, and prospective death did not turn him aside. Have you done anything remotely like that?

If when He whispers—"Go!"  
Our heedless hearts are dumb,  
How shall He at the last  
Say, "Come, ye blessed, come!"  
—Sel.

**BROTHER.** Seriously. Have you ever taken up a map to look up the places on this globe where "JESUS" is still an unknown name?

**HAVE** you ever, in the glory of secret prayer, looked in the face of Jesus Christ to ascertain whether He wants YOU to speak to the heathen "the words of this life?"

**SALVATION MEET WARFARE.**

### Editor's Notes:

**Hallelujah!**  
Good morning,  
Good-bless you!  
Christmas Day again!  
Accept hearty Christmas greetings,  
May this Christmas eclipse all your  
past ones in blessing received.  
I pray to God in the highest, and  
on earth PEACE, good will to all  
men."  
"Unto YOU is born this day in the  
city of David, a Saviour, which is  
Christ the Lord." So says the angel  
when they announced His birth.  
A Saviour! A Saviour! One who  
saves. For pampered luxury, for  
guilt, poverty, and every human ills  
and all those extremes, A SAV-  
IOUR! Does He save you?

God,  
The soul,  
A future state,  
Think of these things.

—//—

Better for you that Christ had  
never come, than that you should re-  
ject Him, now that He has come.

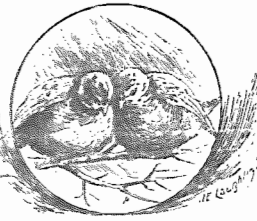
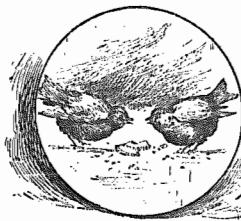
"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the SONS OF GOD, even to them that believe on His Name."

Saviour!  
A Saviour for whom?  
For all. "He gave His life a ran-  
som for ALL."  
Presuming we are saved, then  
**WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?**



While lending an open-  
opposite the City Hall, Man-  
summer, the latter had the  
of seeing a poor old drunk  
the listening crowd and his  
drum, where he cried in a  
to that to pursue his quest.  
Martin, R.C.A., of Toronto,  
ed just such a scene, and  
ed is after his painting.

og is 1110 feet by six. The  
re painted from life. The  
the middle, Father Travis,  
for Manton, and others, will  
be recognized by citizens of  
The drunken men just back  
p was actually saved and  
ark to responsibility there, the  
there as operated in Britain  
the Army's upward work



**GOOD-BYE, COMMANDANT!**

After three and a-half years of herculean toil, the Commandant at last finds an opportunity to speed across the Atlantic.

We are sure that very many who read these words will re-echo the prayer, God bless and go with our Commissioner, giving him journeying mercies, Divine wisdom in the business he has to transact, and bring him back with improved physical health for the fulfillment of the wide responsibilities to which the Almighty has called him.

"Good-bye" is the modern abbreviation form for the old English "God be with you."

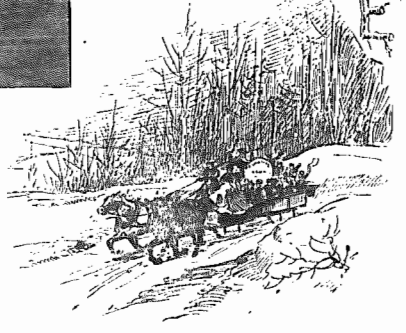
## ARMENIA

This old world has many a moral sore on its surface, but there is no place where all other evils which at this hour afflict the human race are so pronounced in its behalf, that place is Armenia. It is safe to say that the heart of the English-speaking man, who has not been so recently and so deeply touched through the recital of the horrors enacted there during 1895, five hundred thousand people perished, and the survivors are emaciated, starved, or perished through the abundant treatment the Armenians have received from the "Turks" since the "horror" of the "massacres" in the hands of a devil-possessed, unfeeling, suffering outrage and outrage. He destroyed and heaped up the people of Armenia, and he learned a circle of onlookers.

Here is a brief description from newspaper correspondent, of the Turkish method: "At last we have had our turn. We hoped that, with Shukir and Haouf Pashas present, w



# CHRISTMAS TREE



might escape. . . I saw in one house two nearly naked bodies of Argentine women, just developing into motherhood, and of another young woman. All died in defence of their honor. . . In the cemetery I saw 350 bodies—five of women. The majority had bullet wounds, but mostly also sword or bayonet wounds. Two or three had been skinned, and some had been burned with petroleum. A great many women are missing, and many dead have been carried off by the Turks. It is impossible to give definite figures, but the number must be close on a thousand. . . The villages of the plain have suffered awfully. There is no definite news from them beyond the tale that columns of smoke tell. . . Persians who have come in to-day say that the Passin Plain is destroyed. . . We have forgotten the reforms—there remains nothing to reform."

Unhappy Armenians understand nothing of the Bethlehem waterworks, Penco on earth, and the powers seem to know as little about Christ's motto, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Difficult as the situation must be for students, surely an International Police Force could have restored order long ago had the Powers possessed any real desire to do their manifest duty. Oliver Cromwell once speedily stopped similar work. The British Lord, however, seems to be the magister's sword in vain now.

God save Armenia, and may power to oppress speedily be taken from the unspicable Turk.

## All-Night With God!

### THE COMMANDANT

Leads a Glorious Night of Prayer as a Farewell Meeting.

### 30 Souls Tell Out Their Needs to God.

As a sort of "an revolt" gathering, the Commandant met the local Staff, Social, Rescue, and Field Officers of Toronto in the board room of the Temple, and gave us his parting blessing and admonition. About an hour after the Soldiers' Hall, at the back of the Jubilee Hall, was well filled with about two hundred and fifty officers, soldiers, sailors, and a few sinners. With hardly an exception, every one stayed right through the meeting, and we all went home together about 4 a.m.

The meeting started at 10.15, every officer and soldier, if one could judge by the hearty singing of the first song, possessing various spiritual appetites.

Major Howell struck it right when he prayed that we all might have a manifestation that God has come and touched us. Too often do we go empty away, because we don't get a "touch" from Him.

Many beautiful choruses were kept ringing in our souls, one after another, the idea in the Commandant's mind evidently being to keep our eyes open. He told us if he could keep us awake till after one a.m. we were all right for the rest of the meeting.

At 11.30 the Commandant took his Bible and expounded the story of the death, burial and restoration of Lazarus. With powerful argument, the Commandant brought us face to face with the real truth about the question of sanctification. How true with many a soul in the meeting that they had "brought all their good resolutions, their failures, their hopes, etc., and buried them, the inscription on the tombstone reading, "I cry, 'Jesus, be thou to me.' and I am awake till after one a.m. we were all right for the rest of the meeting. With many such convincing sentences were the consciences of those present brought to judgment.

As soon as the Commandant was through (about 12 a.m.) one after another were called upon to say a word or two on the blessing of a clean heart. There was no possibility of mistaking the trend of the meeting. The whole thing was being charged with the Spirit of God, and we felt that more than one anxious soul was eager to unbuckle their hearts and claim deliverance from hidden sin. The choruses, too, were so applicable, such hearty singing of choruses like "Saviour, my all I surrender," "I bring my all to Thee," and "Oh, yes, will you take up your cross?" inten-

37 millions of people await the Salvation of Christ in this vast continent. Our present standing in South America is, 11 Corps and 40 Officers.

sified the spiritual atmosphere, until at 1.15 the Commandant got us all down before God in eager expectation. Then came the surrenders. One after another rose and told out the desires of their soul in prayer. The first was, "Oh, God, give me a clean and a pure heart!" followed shortly after by a sinner's outspoken cry for mercy. Ex-soldiers, Juniors and Christians, all put in their pleas, and received according to their faith.

At 2 a.m. we all rose and unitedly besought the throne by prayer and song, the Commandant laying down the only true and right way to approach God and get an answer. It was a glorious time, and Heaven seemed very near. Ah, how many souls will carry in their memories that confession before God and their comrades!

After our indulgence in coffee and buns, the meeting took a lively turn, and continued so till almost the close. Two very interesting and happy events were the promotion of Capt. at Adjutant and Lieut. Parks to the rank of Ensign and Captain respectively. God bless our Trade men!

At 3.15 a.m. the Commandant gave us his farewell address, which was full of kind thoughts and loving advice. After pledging our loyalty to the cause, and to Mrs. Booth, who made the bridge during his brief absence, we gave our parting cheer, and wished our way home, not the least bit tired, but all jolly happy, well served, and more than ever in real good fighting trim. May God bless our dear leader, give him a good passage across, a brilliant time over there, and a quick return!

## THE COMMANDANT GONE!

Our Commandant left us for his brief visit to England on the 17th. His very hearty staff gave him a very hearty send-off at the Union Depot. At the knee-drill in his office, he undertook to take over to England our pledges of loyalty to God, the Army, and our leaders. The Commandant said he would do so, and also tell his comrades there what he had learnt to think of us Canadians. We shall eagerly watch for the English War Cry.

He is accompanied by Major Morris, who has for some time been anxious to visit the Old Land on some personal business. May God bless and protect our beloved Commandant and the Adjutant, and bring them back to us in more than usual good fighting trim.

Don't let us love our influence through light and frivolous things.

It is quite possible for a person to preach to others and yet become a cannyway.

## SALVATION INTERNATIONALISMS.

Brigadier Clibborn is in Africa. Major Swift has designs upon Scotland.

Colonel Lagercrantz has artistic qualities of very good merit.

The Finnish Self-Denial is expected to realise \$1,700.

Adjutant Storey, invalided home from India, will assist on "The Officer."

Twenty new soldiers have been enrolled at Bala by Commissioner Booth-Clibborn.

There are now employed in connection with the British Trade Headquarters six hundred men and women. There is a strong agitation on foot in Australia against the employment of bachelors in public-houses. Feeling is running pretty high pro and con, and the Army is backing up the reformers, of course.

The return passengers of the General and party from India are already being taken. The steamer is the "Carthage," a fine liner.

Commissioner Ralston is engaged upon the preparation of a book for the Red-Hot Library.

There is a steady increase in the business of the Army Book. Enquiries to terms, etc., continue to come in from people in all stations of life.

At La Chaux de Fonds, Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the Marchioness were received and marched through the town with a torchlight procession.

A saloon-keeper in Honolulu comes out and keeps order while we hold open-air in front of his saloon. He says he weighs 220 pounds, and a man must be bigger than he is to disturb the Salvation Army.

A Lithographic Portrait of the General will adorn the frontispiece of the "Annuary 'All the World' (new series)."

Liberty to procession the streets in Swiss towns is gradually being gained. At the Congress there was a splendid march through Lucerne with bands and flags, and no less than three Commissioners of Police to protect the procession.

## A Newfoundland Visiting Incident.

It was raining very heavy one night when a number of us had gathered in our Provincial Headquarters for a candidates' council. The P. & N. was leading, when a knock came to the door. It was a lassie comrade in uniform. She was almost drenched by the heavy rain, but happy because the Master's business. She came to tell us of a certain man who desired to be saved, as the doctor had given up all hope of his recovery. Least P— and Cadet P— were sent off to get him saved. They returned with joy, declaring his salvation. Between this and the time I went to see him he had doubted, thus falling into darkness and deep distress of soul, laboring heavily, too, at times, under excruciating pain. After three-quarters of an hour dozing and praying, he finally was able to say, "I believe I am saved." He was but a young man, but that fatal disease, quick consumption, hurried him off to the tomb. He only lived a week to enjoy his new birth, regretting very much at the time his backsliding from God.

Backslider, come back to the fold for suppose you do have a chance to get right on a death-bed, you will forever regret your backsliding. Before we were through thanking God for his deliverance, some mortal shouted, "The doctor has come." If the attention that is given to the body was directed to the soul with the same earnestness, what blessed results there would be as an outcome.

ENSIGN PAYNE.

## THE CHRIST SPIRIT.

A poor, abused wretch, flying from a brutal, slave-driving master, sank exhausted, and turned and sought rest in the bosom of Jesus, the Friend of the weary and weary-laden. So we pressed he was with the benefit he had derived, even through those afflictions, that lying vision, and seek his master standing by, he eagerly caught the cruel hands of his oppressor and kissing them, said, "These hands have brought me to Heaven."

We shall never go to Heaven without striving.

NEVER MIND whether you think the Army is right or wrong; that is a very secondary consideration. The great question now with you is this: Am I right myself, how would it be with me if I were called this morning to stand at the judgment bar of God? "Hearin is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to die for the propitiation for our sins. Believe, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. Amen."—The Saved Farmer.

## Robed in Flame!



SECRETARY ELLIS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

I REMEMBER LAST CHRISTMAS EVE, a very sad accident happened which cast a gloom over the whole community. A lady in Charlottetown invited a number of children to her house. She had prepared a Christmas tree on which were presents. It was brightly lighted with tapers, and one of the guests, a beautiful boy of fourteen years of age, was covered with white cotton wool to represent

## SANTA CLAUS.

While he was distributing the presents he happened to touch one of the tapers, the cotton wool ignited, and in a few moments he became a mass of flame. Before the wool could be torn off his face and body were frightfully burned.

For weeks his life was despaired of, and he lay in bed for months. But he was a brave boy, and bore his sufferings manfully, and has now recovered.

I write this that it may be a warning to parents not to dress their children in this dangerous material. This is the second frightful burning accident that has happened in Charlottetown through putting on cotton wool as a costume.

Hallelujah! There is a joy, a real joy, we may every one experience at Christmas, the joy of loving and serving Him Whom the angels heralded—and there is a white robe—the robe of righteousness—which no flames can destroy.

"For the angels proclaim  
That a Saviour was born  
To save a poor sinner like me."

And things of great joy to all people.  
M. P. ELLIS.

CHRISTMAS  
IN HEAVEN OR —!

## Oh, the Cruel Sea Waves.

IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY. We were living in a small seaport town in Nova Scotia. It was a cold, frosty day, and the wind was high and squally. Our dining room window faced the harbor. All our fire were seated at dinner, and I remember looking towards the window, and remarking, "There is a vessel coming up the harbor, full and full, like a fine breeze." The words were scarcely uttered when I saw her sweep over on her side and go down, with all on board.

A sudden squall had struck her. We saw some of the men and women in the water struggling for life.

Boats soon put out to their rescue but almost only a very few were rescued; others sank, to rise no more. Two bodies were taken out of the water a few hours later, and as I stand beside the lifeless form of a woman who that morning had left her home to come and spend Christmas with her friends, I felt awed, and fully realized that "In the midst of life we are in death," and that in such an hour as we think not the Son of Man cometh, and I heard the voice of Almighty God saying, "Prepare to meet

thy God," "Be ye also ready," "Lo, I come quickly."

—//—

How many plans are made for a merry Christmas, and how often these plans are frustrated. How frequently sadness comes instead of joy, and in the very midst of pleasure, but

SECRETARY M. P. ELLIS,  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

## Christmas Fare.

## FRETFULNESS.

In my last journey into the north all my patience was put to the proof again and again; and all my endeavor to please, yet without success. In my present journey I join, as broke from chains. I am content with whatever entertainment I meet with, and my companions are always in good humor, "because they are with me." This man has the spirit of all who take journeys with me. If a dinner ill dressed, a hard bed, a dirty room, a shower of rain, or a poor road, will put them out of humor, it may a hundred times greater than all the rest put together.

By the grace of God I never fret. I repine at nothing. I am discontented with nothing. And to have perseverance at my own fretting and murmuring at everything he like tearing the flesh off my bones. I see God sitting upon His throne, and ruling all things well. Although, therefore, I can bear this also—to hear His government of the world continually found fault with (for in blaming the things which He alone can alter we, in effect, blame Him); yet it is such a burden to me as I cannot bear without pain, and I leave God to do as He chooses.

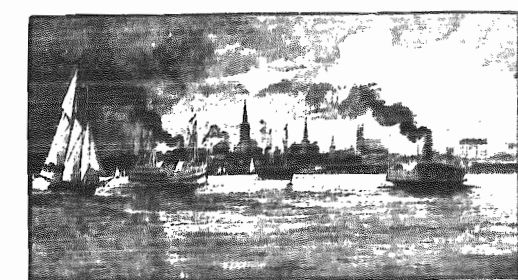
The doctrine of a particular providence is what exceeding few persons understand; at least not practically so as to apply it to every circumstance of life. This I want to see God acting in everything and disposing all for His own glory and His creature's good. I hope it is your continual prayer that you may see Him, and love Him, and glorify Him with all you are and all you have. Peace be with you all!—John Wesley.

## Mind the Twig.

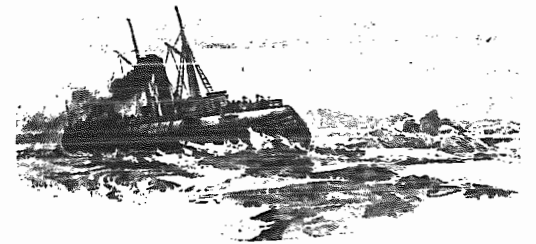
Near our barracks stands an elm tree, with two of its limbs dead in a knot by some one when it was very small. Now, after these years of growth, it cannot be untied, it has become too strong. No human power unto what was so easily done with the twig.

Our children grow up to manhood and womanhood, with character and habits so strong and fixed that no human power can undo what was so easily done or taught in their childhood. That applies to both good and evil.

I knew a mother who once lifted her child on the counter to throw dice in a raffle, and when he won boasted of his cleverness, but now she is sad-hearted over a wayward and gambling son in that same boy. They take them to the theatre, ballroom, and other worldly places of amusement, which creates a desire in their hearts for the vanities of the world in many other forms. Many a week to-day we trace his devilish career from the first taste of wine at father's table.



CHARLOTTETOWN FROM THE SEA.



FROM PICTOU TO GEORGETOWN—A Nova Scotian Sea Scene.

HOLINESS DIAMONDS,  
PICKED AND ASSORTED.

BY J. K. MILLER.

Perfect love is death to vacillation.

Perfect love gives easy victory over every temptation.

Perfect love places Jesus at the head of all our affairs.

Love trades not for home returns, it amply pays itself in serving its beloved.

Many can love at their tongue's end, but the costly love at their finger-ends.

Love is the golden thread that runs through the Gospel—God's love to us, ours to Him, and one to another.

Your height as a living creature is according to the height and breadth of your love.

You can write it down as true, that wherever there is love there will be sacrifice.

Let love control your actions, reason be your guide, Never use a weapon when a key may be applied.

We are never well informed of the truth till we are conformed to the truth.

A humble saint looks most like a citizen of Heaven.

Those trees which have their top branches of hope in heaven will have their lower boughs of activity on earth.

A true Christian not only does more than others will do, but he also does more than others can do.

Contentment does not consist in a lack of push.

## SACRED RHEUMATISM.

For my own part, I would rather be drummer in the Salvation Army, and have an old drum through the world for the salvation of men, than stand in the mightiest cathedral on this earth and preach the most glorious Gospel to a handful of good old men and women, who are so old in the faith that they have got sacred rheumatism.—REV. THOMAS DIXON, U.S.

THE  
LADY WHO COULDN'T DO HOUSEWORK.An Incident which Shows You  
Cannot Judge a Lady by  
Her Clothes.

WE WERE out visiting in the slums

one afternoon. Down a back lane we found a woman living in a two-roomed house. We only gained admittance into one of them, and how we did get in seems almost a mystery to me now. Scattered about the room was every bit of furniture they had. The old rusty stoves were covered with dirty pots and pans, which I think were cleaned as often as a bar as Christmas comes. There there was an old box, a coffee tin, loaf of bread, and a spoon. The floor was entirely covered over with rags, dishes, old tin, etc.

We talked with the lady of the house, and she informed us she was a Christian. She told us quite a lot about the Bible, different religious affairs, and finished up with the astonishing information that she was never used to housework, her sisters had always done it, and at the present time she was occupied with something more necessary than keeping her rooms clean. She was trimming a hat for her son.

This is only one instance out of many, and yet people say there are no slums in Canada. If there is not, my friend, and see if there is not enough sorrow and poverty, dirt and laziness, even here in beautiful Toronto, without going to any other large city in the world. What we want is more women who will consecrate themselves to God for the slums, not to be a lady, but a servant of the meek and lowly Christ of Bethlehem, and of these poor, ignorant people.

JENNIE M. MCCANN,  
Lieut. No. 11. Sign corps, Toronto.

Side-Lights  
ON SOME OF OUR BOYS.

TOLD BY HIM.

You Can Hear More Such  
Down at the Barracks.

ONE brother says: "I got so drunk one time I went to the pump to fetch my pipe. But now I am saved, and need neither pipe nor whiskey."

Another: "I was drunk so low in drunkenness and such that no one would trust me for five cents. Now they not only trust me, but offer to do so."

Another brother I know who got so drunk he did not know his coat from his pants, but now he both knows and is able to pay for a good suit.

Another I met who spent at least \$3,000 per week in drink and tobacco. Now he gives one cent per week to Jesus, and if I think please him he will sometimes even give ten cents. This brother has been known to give as high as fifteen cents when there was a banquet and public at his house. Of course he cannot possibly be so extravagant at all times!

Another man I met and got so drunk he swore he would knock the face off the pump if it would not answer him the questions he asked, but now he is saved and in the Army.





## MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT

AND

## What Became of It.

## PART I.

THE SUN had risen. The clouds reposed in placid loveliness; banners floated proudly in the breeze; the bells of the churches and their merry peals, even the hills and valleys seemed vocal with music.

What is the cause of all this? Christmas morn had come. The winds of heaven seemed to waft along the joyful tidings. The day that many were waiting for had dawned at last.

To and fro upon the streets of a small town in the Maritime Provinces the townspeople hurry along, stopping only for a few moments to extend to each other the compliments of the season. All seem bent on spending the day in seeking happiness.

The Salvation Army officer gazed out of the windows of his humble quarters for some few moments. He had only been in the town a few days, and the sight of that throng of people kindled an intense desire within his breast to see them converted. Down upon his knees he went, there to beseech the throne of God on behalf of the souls of the people. In his distress he called upon the Lord—“Oh, Lord! I love the souls of those people. I want to see them saved. May my labor not be in vain, but grant this!”

## THIS CHRISTMAS DAY

His power shall be manifested in their salvation.

What! Dare he believe for souls when no one had publicly sought salvation at that corps penitential-form for over twelve months?

Yes, he dare; and, after thanking God for past victories, he started for the barracks, confident that His Father in Heaven would give him a Christmas present, in answer, at least one soul kneeling at the feet of Jesus. God honored his faith, for during the latter part of the meeting a strong, healthy, robust-looking man walked boldly at the side, knelt at the penitential-form, and poured the story of his sin and sorrow into the ears of Him who never turned away from one penitent sinner.

The congregation were amazed, the soldiers were filled with joy irrepressible, the officer was jubilant. All listened eagerly to the words which that Christian convert uttered, as with tears in his eyes he quietly told that he once had

## A CHRISTIAN MOTHER

who taught him to pray, but he had mingled with ungodly companions, had left home, shipped aboard a vessel, and for a number of years had sailed the briny deep, had been in storms and tempests, amid rocks and quicksands, and although God had spared him when numbers of his shipmates had been drowned, he had still rebelled against Him. Now, praise God, his mother's prayers were answered, his sins were pardoned. Although he knew others would oppose him, yet he meant to pray and serve God with all his heart. The tidings were soon spread abroad in the town that if—had got saved. Numbers thronged to see and hear him, plans were made for his downfall. Persecution came thick and fast, but it did not give him victory. Soon the tidings came that his ship was to sail, and he and his mother, and brother, and watched the vessel sail down the harbor.

## PART II.

The scene has changed. Some months have elapsed. In a seaport city in a marine hospital a sailor lies dying. Ever has laid his hand upon him, Rachel, with pain of body, with pallid cheeks, suffering great agony, there lies our sailor convert.

Alone?—no, not alone. Friendless?—no, not friendless. The friend of old friends is near; the Comforter of all comforters is at his side. He cares

for him even to the end. He sees the rigid lips, the silent pulse, the bloodless limbs, the pale cheeks, the flow and darkened eye.

His struggles of life are now over; he proves Christ to be a real and substantial even in the valley and shadow of death. By faith I see him as he passes beneath the pearly arches, welcomed by Jesus, welcomed by the angels, the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles—welcomed by all! What a sight must have met his eye! Picture it! On either side of the pathway leading to the city are valleys flowing with milk and honey, the river of life flowing through the midst, the banks of the river fringed with the foliage of the tree of life, whose laden branches bend with the weight of twelve manner of fruits. Beneath its shades are groups of angels warbling hallelujahs of eternal praise.

## LISTEN! THE CHORISTERS

on Mount Zion strike up their song of jubilee. Cherule legions lead the way, chanting songs of triumph; the procession winds its way through the capacious streets. On either side are numbers of inexpressible felicity, flushed with exultation brighter than the noonday sun. He approaches the throne of the Lamb, Jesus puts upon his head the crown of life, and welcomes him in His presence with the

## Stick to the Old Track. Earn. and Enth.,

OR,

WHICH DOES THE BEST WORK IN THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST—AND WHY—

Earnestness, Enthusiasm, or Fanaticism?

A DEAR FRIEND asks me for an essay on the above questions. The task is an easy one, if, in the few moments I have to give to it, I may happily fall upon words cut enough to dismiss it with due brevity.

Fanaticism comes last in the question, but I will deal with it first. I do not like the word. Fanaticism, to my mind, implies something of bigotry and tyranny. It suggests the presence of a cramped brain and an oblique vision. The genuine is a multitude to spartacus. I dislike fanaticism with the result that it is a hard worker, but on account of its uselessness it can never do “best work” any low. Of course, there is an impudent, dignified fanaticism from which our thorough worker with Christ can escape.

What is the difference between earnestness and enthusiasm? They are twin spirits, anyway. I dislike writing long names over and over again, so let us call our twins Earn and Enth. Earn is the eldest. He is prettier than his brother, but not stronger. Earn's hair is of a lovely auburn tinge; Enth's is decidedly a red head. Earn is cultivatable; Enth will always be wild. They can work together without quarrelling; indeed, they are never far apart in their work. Enth's field is somewhat restricted; Earn's, passing from one to the other you become aware of a difference. Earn has a large domain, rich, and mostly level; Enth's is a rough job. Towards the north end of it there are some pretty black hills, but when he gets working up there, with that hot nature of his, and the fire of God in him, they get warmed up, and some of the most unlikely-looking acres begin to “blossom as the rose.”

Let us change the metaphor.

## EARN AND ENTH

are apostles, as much as were those of 2000 years ago. All those early preachers were warm as a fever. Earned, I suppose, and Paul, the learned, I know, were enthusiasts. In John, the saved, and James, the practical, we have beautiful characters of earnestness. Like them, our Earn and Enth have “set out to follow Jesus,” and He is teaching them “to catch men.” And they do catch them, each in his own way. Earn wins the many. Enth conquers the few. They make blunders sometimes. So did the first apostles. Blunders are not sin, neither do they interrupt the current of inspiration. Blunderous work may be of the poorest. The famous charge of the Light Brigade was a blunder, but it destroyed the enemy and terrorized him as no discreet movement could have done. It was not for blundering, but for breaking that I commend fanaticism. Earn and Enth will often be misunderstood, misjudged, and even despised, particularly Enth. Timorous ones will say of him, “You never know what we will do next.” Well, he does not know himself. But he will do something. He does not drive his work; it drives him. But my time is scarce. To sum up the matter in scriptural language—now alldeth Earnedness, now Enthiasm, these two, and the greatest of these is, well, that which best suits you. They, both of them, do the best work. Get “litted on” with either of them, and work for the Kingdom, not for the reestablishing of some once good, but now withered, doctrinal feature of it, and your “work shall abide.”

JAMES DOTT, Chesley Corps, October 5, 1891.

Before gone to be present with the Lord.—Ed.

You do not have to teach a back to swim, it comes natural for him to do that. So it is just as natural for a person that is converted to do right as it is for an unconverted person to do wrong.



Representatives of the “Christless Nations.”

“How shall they hear without a preacher?”

words. “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.” His joy is unquenchable. With the host of angels who rank in endless files about him, he joins in singing the coronation song. Hallelujah! What a Saviour! what a Redeemer! Crown Him forever King of Kings! Crown Him, the glorious Conqueror of hell, Prince of Peace, Jesus, Jehovah, Lamb of God! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

W.A.B.

One of the thirty employees in the S. A. Laundry, Clapton, England, is a ticket-office woman, who was sentenced to sixteen years' penal servitude for murdering her child. The Army authorities made application to the late Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, that she might be placed in the custody of the Salvation Army. At first the application was refused. Another application was made, and this time it was granted on condition that she was good, otherwise she would have to go back to prison to finish her term. Month by month a lady detective calls at the office, and up to the present all has gone so well. The woman is reformed, though not converted, and is doing well.

go that way. I admit, sir, that there are some dark passages over the mountains on the new route, but the syndicate has secured rights of a new fashion to be placed all along the avenue, so that there will be little or no danger in taking that road.”

“Has the whole route all the way through to the very end been surveyed?” anxiously inquired the traveler.

“No, not exactly,” was the reply; “but the syndicate assures us that all who go that way will surely get there.”

“Do you know of anyone who ever went that way and got there to Boston? I mean—that's what I want to know?”

“No! I don't for certain,” was the hesitating reply; “but most of the directors, including the chief engineer, think that way, and they ought to know.”

“Well,” says the traveler, “I think I will take the old turnpike this time, as I want to be sure I am right, good-morning!”

He got there!

God gives the message, we are His messengers.



### HE WHO FOR ME WAS BORN.

Tune—"From every stain made clean," B. J. 51.

1 **IF CHRIST** the Nazarene,  
Lived but as all men live—  
Who, who, alas! shall make me clean,  
And all my sins forgive?

(For Chorus—Repeat last two lines.)

If He, the Holy One,  
Died but as all men die—  
Then I, at least, am all undone:  
In evil case am I!

But may, I know, I feel  
His precious blood Divine  
With power to cleanse, hath power  
To heal,  
This sin-streak soul of mine.

The **SPIRIT** with the blood  
Bear witness with my soul  
That I am now a child of GOD,  
And every whit made whole.

H. E. C.  
Esperance Cottage, Perth, W. A. C.

### A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Tunes—"Come in, my Lord, come in," B.B. 27 and B.J. 16.

2 Let all unite to sing  
The praise of Him, who came  
From Heaven's high throne, that sin-  
ful man  
Salvation might obtain.  
He is the Prince of Peace,  
Immanuel His name;  
As King of kings and Lord of lords,  
For ever He shall reign.

Chorus.

Come in, my Lord, come in,  
And make my heart Thy home;  
Come in, and cleanse my soul from  
sin,  
And dwell with me alone.

Love unexpressable  
By Jesus has been shown,  
In leaving for this sinful world  
The glory of His home.  
Though born in low estate,  
Of Royal lineage He;  
The Sovereign King of Heaven and  
earth,  
His rightful subjects we.

Then let us render praise  
To God for what He's done,  
In giving such a sacrifice,  
His well-beloved Son.  
Oh, may for evermore  
Our hearts to Him be given,  
That we His will may do on earth.  
As angels do in Heaven.

—Alexander Greig.

### CHRISTMAS PRAISES.

Tune—"My soul is now united," B.J. 118.

3 Come, comrades, sing and shout  
For joy  
This glorious Christmas morn:  
Let holy, mirthful songs employ  
Your hearts, for Christ is born!  
Is born to-day to bear for us  
Earth's meanness and its shame;  
To do God's work, and save mankind—  
Oh, glory to His name!

Come, comrades, sing and praise the  
Lord,  
Let every heart be glad;  
Ring out his song of praise to Him,  
Why should one soul be sad?  
He's come to bring us peace on earth,  
To bury all our fear;  
To take away all sin, and make  
The way to Heaven clear.

We'll praise Him now for what He's done,  
And what He still will do;  
He'll take us to be with Himself,  
If to the end we're true.  
We'll pledge ourselves to God afresh,  
Upon this Christmas day;  
Our service shall be nothing less,  
But more continually.

S. M. L. Wick.

### A FAMOUS OLD CHRISTMAS SONG.

Tune—"The mistletoe bough," B. J. 110.

4 I once had a master, a bad one was he,  
He promised me pleasure, but gave me misery;  
I disliked his service, and gave him the sack,  
He wants me again, but I'm not going back.  
No, I'll never go back,  
No, I'll never go back.

I had to work hard, and got very bad pay,  
In fact, never was done, I worked night and worked day;  
Got more kicks than coppers, was always in strife,  
So I turned it all up for a far better life.

Yes, a happier life,  
Yes, a happier life.

I'm under now management now, don't you see?  
I've got a new Master, a good one is He,  
His service is easy, good wages He pays,  
And promises work for the rest of my days;  
And a pension beside,  
And a pension beside.

### GLORY TO GOD FOR EVER.

Tune—"After the hail."

5 Come, hear the story I to you will tell,  
How Christ the Saviour came here to dwell,  
Left home and Heaven, where all was grand,  
To be a Saviour for every land.  
In David's city He did appear,  
Sought by the wise men, who found Him there,  
Led by a bright star on Christmas morn,  
In a lowly manger, Jesus was born.

Chorus.

Glory to God forever,  
Glory to God on high,  
Now He has found a ransom,  
Shewers to Him draw nigh,  
Glory the angels singing early on  
Christmas morn,  
Glory to God in the highest, Jesus is born.

Outside the city, men watching sheep,  
Hear the glad tidings while others sleep;  
Forth from the heavens angels appear,  
Singing to shepherds trembling with fear:  
"Glory to God and peace to all men,  
Go to the city called Bethlehem,  
There in a manger, this Christmas morn,  
You will find the Saviour, Jesus is born."

Joy fills the shepherds' hearts to the brim,  
Down call their knees they fall before Him;  
Then forth announcing, "Jesus we've found,"  
Telling to all in village and town,  
On goes the great news day after day,  
Hark! Don't you hear it coming this way?

You, comrades, heard it, no more to mock,  
Can't you hear him say, "I'm glad  
Christ was born?"

—Cade! Joe Tippel, Helena, Mont.

### Seasonable Advice.

—In looking at what you are, don't forget to find out what you may be.

—Cut yourself clear of everything shiny or suspicious; carry no contraband goods on board the Lord's vessel!

—Set up a mark. Aim at it. Have an end in life. In all weathers make for it.

—The test of a man is not in the amount of his endurance, but in its motive.

—To tolerate life with God, and the world with Heaven, that is the genius of christianity.

—If you are practically saved, God has a right to your mind and all your gifts; they are His property.

—Get a settled in your mind that you are a Salvationist for life, and never have a wavering thought about the matter. Die rather than suffer defeat.

—Heaven is made up of the cream of humanity.

—Be yourself. Don't imitate anyone. It will rob you of your spiritual power.

—There are hundreds of professors of religion who have not yet become religious.

—Faith is the good cable, that stretched and strained does not break in the storm.

—Trials being sanctified increase faith, and faith being increased again put to trial.

—If we would be led into God's truth, we must put our neck into Christ's yoke.

—Do not anxious about little things if thou wouldst learn to trust God with these all.

—Christians should never forget that to win souls is their first business. All else is but secondary to this supreme purpose.

—The habit of denying oneself in things gives a vigor of spiritual life.

—The greater amount of mental suffering arises from anticipation of trial.

LIEUT. M. GIBSON, Bedford, Que.

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